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Morning Oregonian.

VOL. XI. PORTLAND, OREGON SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2, 1871. NO. 229.

SUPPLEMENT.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Rev. Dr. Thompson of Broadway Tabernacle (New York) in a recent discourse summed up the financial operations of that society. He said: "During twenty-six years we have contributed $350,000 to various objects. We have raised $233,000 for our own expenses. Add to this $65,000 to cancel the debt of the church. This makes a total of $600,000 contributed to the support of the church and its missions. With the munificent donation to the pastor, the sum total is increased to 730,000. It has increased from 67 to nearly 600 members regularly, and additions otherwise bring its membership up to 1,300." Such a record of a single church society in New York will give some idea of the extent of religious effort there and elsewhere.

It is said that many of the Congressmen elected from the Southern States owe their election to the fact that money was furnished them by the Tammany Democracy of New York City to enable them to make the necessary canvass of their respective Districts, and also to use in securing the votes of the impecunious voters of those regions. Tammany has always been true to the Democratic party and although its leaders have been accustomed to steal the public funds and appropriate large amounts to their own private use, they have always manifested a lively interest in the success of the Democracy outside of New York, and they have been willing to divide their stealings from the people of that city with the leaders of the party elsewhere that the political organization to which they belonged might be victorious. The exposure and defeat of the Tammany Ring will, however, take away an important source of supplies from the Democratic party. Hereafter the impoverished Committees of the different States will be unable to draw upon Tammany for the necessary supplies to carry on Democratic campaigns.

The *Baker Democrat* discourses learnedly on poets. It says, among other new things: "The great Homer's origin wasn't exactly according to Gunter; for he says of himself that he sprang from the bought embrace of a Scythian maid." We are not favored with a citation to the book and verse wherein Homer says this of himself, and there are not a few critics and scholars who would be glad to find it. The first and greatest of poets would hardly have sent his name and that of his family down to posterity in this manner.

Delegate Hooper, "the Mormon member" of Congress, says that polygamy is dying out in Utah, and will soon disappear of itself, if persecution does not fan the fading embers. He says that the young people of the territory are almost without exception monogamists, and bitterly opposed to polygamy. He says that it would be both cruel and unnecessary to declare all these young people illegitimate, because they were born in polygamy, and that it would be still more cruel and unnecessary to *force* their mothers away from their husbands and fathers and make them support themselves in their old age, just to please the whim of the people of the United States, who allowed them to enter polygamy, live in it and [illegible] children in it for twenty years. He thinks that *future* polygamy should be abolished; what polygamy there is, allowed to exist till it dies a natural death, a law passed legitimatizing *all* births in the territory, just as was done with regard to negro births in Georgia recently, and then Utah, which has three times the population of Nevada, Colorado or Washington, be admitted as the State of Deseret." It seem to us that Hooper talks sense.

The press of those cities situated along the line of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, are strongly advocating the construction of iron barges for river transportation. The argument is that the depreciation and loss in wooden freight barges are so great that, such vessels are far more expensive in the long run than iron, and that this expense necessarily enhances the freight charges, which the economy of the times does not warrant. The interest in the substitution of iron for wood in the construction of barges is generally diffused, and from present appearances is likely to be a leading feature in our marine revolution.

There can be no question as to the beneficial results of the Indian policy pursued by President Grant. As an example, it is stated that while no more money was appropriated than for some years past to be used for educational purposes, the amount of activity and the results achieved during the past year have exceeded all expectations. Whereas in 1870 the number of Indian schools was estimated at 200 and the scholars at about 6,500, this year nearly 300 Indian schools are reported, with almost 8,000 pupils in attendance. Of these 4,500 are in the Indian Territory, about 600 among the New Mexican Pueblos, where no schools have existed for many years, and nearly as many more in Nebraska. Even this estimate falls below the real aggregate, as a great many schools have only just got into working order. With the exception of the tribes in Alaska, Arizona and Wyoming, an earnest effort has been made to have one school, at least, accessible to every large band or tribe of Indians.

Mayor Mason of Chicago, decreed a day of humiliation and fasting "for past offences against Almighty God," in regard to which the *Tribune* of that city says: "The past offences in our judgment, consisted of pine shingles and other combustible material in the quarter where the fire first got its foothold, not to mention the wooden roof over the pumping works. But if any moral transgression is chargeable with the burning down of the city, we submit that it is the city ordinance altering the fire limits, four or five years ago, so as to enable certain owners and purchasers of wooden buildings in the central portion of the city, to move them down toward Polk street bridge for the accommodation of harlots." There is some sense in this. We find sufficient common sense facts to account for the Chicago disaster without wandering into the regions of the nonsensical and Pharisaic. The wind fanned a little spark into great flames, and blew them right into the most inflammable structures in the world. It may have been possible that the wind was raised by supernatural agencies, and that the kiln-dried wooden houses of Chicago were specially ordered or pre-ordained with reference to the given effect. It may also be that the terrible Internationals were raised up for the express purpose of burning Chicago and other cities. But we prefer to leave the further investigation of the subject to the hardshell Democratic press, which thinks that Chicago was thus punished for her share in putting down the Southern rebellion.

As might have been foreseen the Southern Claims Commission is having its hands full. Already it has registered the claims of over six thousand loyal citizens of the South for property taken or destroyed by the Federal troops during the war, and there are at least three thousand more waiting to be filed. And the end is not yet. They continue to pour in very rapidly, and it is difficult to estimate the final aggregate. And as might have been expected, many of the claims filed come from undoubted and proved rebels, though all applicants are required to swear to their loyalty. Congress ought to abolish this Commission forthwith. Rather, Congress ought never to have created it. If it keeps on, it will pay the rebels for everything they lost during the war.

Of every commercially prosperous nation it is predicted that its power will soon decline. Poets and philosophers have enlarged on this. Goldsmith, who was a much better poet than philosopher, said:

> Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
> And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.

And again that—

> Trade's proud empire hastes to decay,
> As ocean sweeps the labored mole away.

And Bacon, who was a much better philosopher than poet, said:

> In the youth of a State, arms do flourish, in the middle of a State, learning, and then both together for a time; in the declining age of a State, mechanical arts and merchandise.

Now these observations were made from a study of the history of the ancients; it does not follow that under the vastly changed conditions of modern times they will be equally true. For it has been proven that States most excelling in "mechanical arts and merchandise" are actually most powerful and have most endurance in war. The great Napoleon, who seemed to be possessed of an idea something like that of Bacon, stated above, sneered at the British as a "nation of shop keepers." Yet the British showed by the event that their "shop keeping" was an element of national strength and not of weakness; for, after Napoleon had prostrated every other nation in Europe, the British continued the contest against him, and finally broke his power utterly at Waterloo. It is true that "in the youth of a State arms do flourish," and so they have often flourished in the age of a State. In modern times it has been often proven that devotion to "mechanical arts and merchandise" has not diminished the warlike prowess of nations. This was illustrated in the case of Great Britain's efforts against Napoleon, and likewise in the case of the vast exertions and sacrifices in our own country to suppress the great rebellion. The little State of Macedonia at one time ruled the world, but the rule was of very brief duration. The power of Macedonia, the vast empire of Alexander, rested simply on the thirty thousand men of Macedonian phalanx, with their rigorous discipline and long pikes. So soon as generalship failed and dissensions began, the fabric fell to pieces. "Trade's proud empire" lasts much longer than the "soldier's proud empire," as the history of Alexander, of Swedish Charles, and of Napoleon attests.

When men honor their own profession or calling they do that which will surely establish it in the estimation of others. It was said by Burke, a man who always pointed his observations so as to render them memorable, that the degree of estimation in which men hold their profession becomes the standard of estimation in which others hold it. So Johnson, in speaking of writers and authors, said it was impossible, no matter how much vituperation was showered upon a writer, for him to lose standing or suffer material damage in its reputation, unless he himself should stab his reputation with his own pen. Others could not seriously injure him, but he could destroy himself. Do we not see proofs of the truth of these observations every day?

The Germans have discovered the Polar Sea, and now a German has discovered a way to bring on the millenium. Sitting down after his day's work, as a mechanic, to bury himself in profound study he has evolved from the depths of his self-consciousness a scheme by which all the great troubles of the world are to be remedied beyond a chance of repetition. His ground principle is that the woes of mankind are all caused by personal ambition. Every man wishes to distinguish himself, to have his name known among his fellows. Then if this element of personality can be removed, the cause of all trouble disappears. Henceforth then men when they come into the world will be numbered, not named. But as any fixed designation would be as bad as a name, there is to be a shifting of numbers once every year. So Mr. 999,999 one year may be Mr. 1 next year. The damsel fair who changes her maiden number every twelve month, will find no strangeness in being called by a new numeral the day after her wedding. The particulars of the scheme have not yet been published. Whether any such paltry distinctions as that of sex are to be retained, or how, we are not informed. But when we take into view the rising importance of women, and think of the contests that shall be over whether the man or the woman shall take the odd number, vast fields of speculation are opened before us. We wonder if the Teutonic reformer doesn't reserve the children for fractions. It would be to our mind most appropriate. Truly, since the late war has given the German race confidence in its own powers, there is no telling how much the world may owe to it.

The ex-Emperor of the French is being subjected to the process of interviewing by the English editors, and submits to it in the most amiable manner. He still considers himself Emperor of the French, but denies that he or his friends are plotting against the Thiers government. Why should we, he innocently asks, when we represent a majority of the people. Majorities do not enter into conspiracies. Many officers, he says, have written to him to ask if they should place themselves at the disposition of the present government, and if he consented to release them from their oath. He answered that the question being plainly stated between order on one hand, and the most frightful anarchy on the other, they should not hesitate to serve their country; but that he could not release them from their oath until, by a direct vote, the entire nation shall have chosen a definite government. That there is very considerable dissatisfaction in the army, admits of no doubt, and some of the regiments have made demonstrations in favor of the ex-Emperor. In Paris, too, the shopkeepers are complaining of the lack of purchasers, and looking regretfully back to the time when the Emperor and Court brought crowds of rich strangers, who spent money liberally. Many stranger things than the recall of Louis Napoleon have happened in France.

When the Ku-Klux law was being debated in Congress no journal opposed it more earnestly than the New York *Evening Post*. It still considers the law a usurpation of power, affording the President an "opportunity which a corrupt adventurer in that office might have abused to make himself an extra constitutional dictator throughout the Southern States. It remains upon our statute book, one of our very worst precedents in legislature." But so far as President Grant has exercised the power granted by the law there is very little, it says, "that can reasonably be censured." With the exception of some of the forms of procedure he appears "to have done nothing which he might not have done without the law." From the South Carolina correspondent of the same journal, we learn that three hundred members of the Ku-Klux have surrendered themselves and confessed, while others are coming. About one hundred and twenty-five of the leaders and chief criminals have either fled the country or have as yet eluded capture. One or two who are known to have been engaged in murder, but are men of wealth and position, are believed to be on their way to Brazil. Others have fled to Canada, and some are known to be lurking about in the woods. As the negroes express it, "It's somebody else's turn to lay out in the woods." The Democratic journals which are affecting to disbelieve the evidence offered of the existence of this conspiracy would do well to remember how incredulous they were as to the New York frauds, and how they have since been compelled to confess that they were in the wrong.

How New Orleans was Taken.

Hon. Gideon Welles, the late Secretary of the Navy, has published a paper in the December *Galaxy*, which creates a good deal of havoc among the historians of the late war. The veracity or information of Greeley, Parton and Headley is sadly put to the test by the records which the Secretary brings from his diary and note books. The common idea has been that Gen. Butler took New Orleans. Such was the statement at the time of the event, and such has been the story told over and over again. Mr. Parton gives it credence in his "Butler in New Orleans." Mr. Greeley in his "American Conflict" takes it for granted. But Mr. Welles puts them all in the wrong. The expedition was planned and carried out entirely by the Navy Department, and under the supervision of Farragut. The idea was first talked of in September of the year preceding. December 23d, Farragut received from the Navy Department his preparatory orders. Secretary Cameron, of the War Department, knew nothing about it at all. Secretary Stanton was not informed till January 28th, by which time the Admiral had his detailed orders. Butler knew nothing of it all until the middle of January, and received no orders until February 23d. The only part he took in the capture of the city was to march his 10,000 troops in when the fleet of Farragut had cleared the way for him. As for Porter, it seems he had been early consulted about the expedition, and had advised the mortar flotilla to bombard the river forts, which Farragut was sure he could pass without bombarding. His plan was accepted but that of Farragut was carried out, for, after months of delay and a bombardment of six days, Farragut passed the forts according to his original idea, and captured them and the city at one master stroke. When this had been done, Porter meanly attempted to cast blame for delay on his commander, Farragut. In his official report, dated April 30, 1862, and discourteously addressed to the Navy Department instead of the flag-officer, Captain Farragut, Commander Porter said he had urged Farragut to make the attack a week earlier—a statement which Mr. Welles implies was false, and which, in a private letter, written ten days later, Porter asked to have omitted in publishing his report. In this way the venerable Secretary comes to the rescue of Farragut's reputation.

How to Destroy Large Stumps.

The *Engineering and Mining Journal* relates in the following how large stumps may be destroyed and got rid of by one of the powerful explosive agents which have recently come into use. This would seem to be just the thing for destroying the immense fir stumps of Oregon:

An engineer employed in the French forestry service describes a novel use for dualin or dynamite. He has employed these explosives successfully and economically for spliting knotty roots and stumps of large trees, which it was almost impossible to master by ordinary means. The holes in which the dynamite was placed were bored from 12 to 18 inches in depth and tightly tamped.

We had heard of the use of gunpowder for the same purpose, but we were not aware that any of the stronger explosives had been applied, though we had no doubt that they would give much better results than the former material. The force of the explosion of dualin, for instance, is so great that it would tear the stump to pieces, before an opening would be made to allow the escape of the gases generated.

Grace Greenwood calls Brigham Young a "mysterious, masterly, many-sided and many-wived man." If his wives originated like Eve, he would need to be "many-sided" to meet the demand for ribs.

Individual Liability.

California Insurance Companies have for a long time been before the public with a parade of individual liability stockholders for all losses that might be incurred by those holding policies in those companies. They have represented, that every dollar of the private fortunes of their stockholders was liable for the obligations which their respective companies might assume, and have paraded this as an inducement to secure business. But now, when a real disaster has occurred, they are showing an evident disposition to shirk an obligation which they have heretofore made a boast of. They clearly mean to "flunk"—that seems to be the word that best expresses it. Yet no small part of the patronage they have enjoyed, both on this coast and elsewhere, has been secured to these institutions by this claim, which they now abandon and discard. The *Coast Review*, a paper published in San Francisco, and devoted to insurance interests, says:

> A proposition backed by $10,000,000 of apparent security, whether it be real or not, is a potent advocate, and one that but few people have the the moral force to reject. It is true, also, that even stockholders have heretofore looked upon this advertisement with pride, feeling somewhat flattered by being paraded before the public as the happy possessors of millions of dollars, and the almoners and protectors of the insuring public. But how soon has this bubble been pricked, and how terrible has been the awakening of these disciples of Morpheus, who have been dreaming of their fancied security from loss, for years previous. So long as there were no heavy conflagrations to involve the companies, stockholders were satisfied to parade their extra security in order to get business and insure to themselves good dividends on their stocks. The Chicago fire, however, has exploded all claims to this bloated security, and companies that represented millions of money a few weeks since, have suddenly found themselves so poor that they cannot even pay a few hundred thousands of losses.

The same paper proceeds to argue that the California law of individual liability is utterly worthless. It says that "individual liability has never been worth a fig beyond the amount of stock held by the individual." Alluding to the stand against individual liability which has been taken by several San Francisco companies since the Chicago fire, this paper says

> The only wrong is in their ever having claimed that their stockholders *were* individually liable. By setting forth such a claim they were holding out *false* inducements and misleading the public. They should not have claimed to have twenty or thirty millions of security when they knew it could not be collected. They never expected to pay more than their stock; they never intended to pay more. It was a dishonest appeal to the public for support, and the sooner the stigma is wiped out the better. The stand they have taken now is the right one—it is *an honest one*. No policy holder can justly ask for indemnity beyond that furnished by the capital and assets of the Company to which he pays his premiums; hence, in accepting the policies of these companies now, he accepts them for what he *knows* them to be worth, and not what they are reputed to be worth. They only offer him their capital and assets as indemnity against loss, the value of which he pays in premiums, and this is all any honest company will offer him.

The public, then, is to have no more of this pretence of "individual liabilty." We quote one further paragraph from this insurance journal:

> The time has come when genuine capital alone should be advertised; and, we assert it as a fact, that none but *mushroom* and *wild cat* Companies will, in future, parade their spurious capitals as a bait to the public, and this bait will only be found efficient to catch risks where the moral hazard is anything but good. It is time that the custom of parading immense indemnity where but little exists, and parading individual liability, should now be exploded. The public have been duped long enough, and they now want only *truth*, to make them secure. Twenty and thirty millions look well on paper, but it can never be found. We again state that we commend our Home Companies for this recent change, as it shows a disposition on their parts to be honest in future.

An "Accommodating" Railroad.—The Peoria (Ill.) *Review* is responsible for the following:

In these days of great complaints against the extortion of railroads, it is refreshing to hear of corporations that study the comfort of their passengers. Such a one, according to J. W. Parker, is the twenty miles of road from Jacksonville to Waverley. A lady wished to get off the train to see a neighbor. They stopped the cars fifteen minutes until she went up and found her friend at home. Then she made up her mind that she would stay there; whereupon the conductor and brakesman seized her trunk and carried it to the house, distance about a quarter of a mile. For this piece of politeness the lady returned her thanks and a peck of apples. The railroad men accepted both, and returning, divided the apples among the passengers. One of the passengers had a note that was overdue, on a farmer near the track. The conductor stopped the train, hunted up the man, they sat down, reckoned the interest, paid the money, and the happy recipient got on the train again, and it proceeded on its way. By this time the apples presented by the lady had been consumed, and as the train was passing a large orchard, the conductor stopped the train for a third time to allow the passengers time to fill their pockets. In answer to remarks that it was an eminently accommodating road, he replied: "This is the accomodation train, and we do about as the majority want us to. If they stop, why we stop." This is an actual occurrence. Can any other place show no accommodating a set of railway officials?

A Scrap of Military History.—Having discovered an Army Register for the year 1809, a glance through it attracted notice to some names which subsequently became famous: Winfield Scott became Captain of light artillery in 1808. Edmund P. Gaines, Captain of 2d regiment of infantry, 1808. Thos. S. Jessup, Lieut. 7th infantry, 1809. He was quite a prominent actor in the Seminole war of 1837, and was afterwards Quartermaster-General. Duff Green, well known to Washington politicians of a past generation, was Second Lieutenant of the 7th infantry, December 12th, 1800, but resigned on the 9th of October, 1809. He was a veteran editor in his day. Wm. Gates, who commanded Fort Lafayette during the "late unpleasantness," was a 1st Lieutenant of artillery, in November, 1807. George Gibson, for a long time Commissary General, was a Captain of infantry in 1808. Zachary Taylor, subsequently President of the United States, and hero of Buena Vista, was Captain of infantry, November 30, 1810. William Duane, famous as editor of the *Aurora*, was Lieutenant Colonel of riflemen, July, 1818, but resigned July 31, 1818.—*Washington Chronicle.*

The old proverb that "a burned child dreads the fire" is being exemplified in the extreme cautiousness now developing in Chicago. Smoking in the streets is forbidden; it is almost as much as a man's life is worth to be discovered with a box of parlor matches; an ordinance is now before the City Council prohibiting the storage of shavings in the cellars or out-houses; and yet in spite of all this prudence, scores of dealers are allowed to vend non-explosive kerosene.

Down Brakes.

Every good citizen must sadly deplore the almost daily recurring evidences of the infidelity of both public and private servants to the trusts confided to them. So large has the number of these evidences become of late, that we are almost ready to adopt the belief of the misanthrope, that nothing good can be found in the heart of man. The instances of late years of persons who have through life, borne unblemished characters, suddenly and mysteriously proving recreant to trust, are so numerous that the stoutest believer in the purity of man is often appalled and horrified at the conviction forced upon him by such profligacy. The inordinate desire to suddenly acquire riches, and to appear to the best advantage, in our modern society; that is, rigged in the finest attire, and bedecked with the richest and rarest of jewels, with our coach and liveried coachman, or seat in the most gorgeous and fashionable houses of worship, to be able to give the largest and grandest parties, are perhaps the most prolific sources of all our domestic and personal troubles, and strange to say, this desire permeates all classes of society, and all ages, and both sexes.

It appears to us that it is highly necessary that a restraining hand be extended by the pulpit, the press and the forum upon every possible occasion, and that the public should be educated over again, and the frivolous portions of their first teachings should be discarded and forgotten. It is of course agreeable and pleasant to be rich; it is very sad and comfortless to be poor. Riches, the world over, give their possessor power; and talent, genius and eminent wisdom have often doubtless been forever hidden from sight by the rags of poverty.

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

And while this is the sad but truthful history, it ill becomes one to attempt to overcome the difficulties of life by departing from the strict path of rectitude. Better, far better to toil on unheeded by the glittering world, with conscience clear and heart throbbing serenely, than to amass sudden and dishonest wealth, and suffer the pangs of the inexorable, hidden monitor, hissing out between the teeth at every step, "I am a villain and a reprobate." This evil which appears to have fallen upon our land is not confined to any party, or sect, is indulged in by persons of both sexes and of all ages above childhood. Old men who have been trusted for years with millions of dollars, suddenly turn their backs upon family, friends and all that is dear to them in this world, and make their very name a by-word for everything dishonest and devilish. Young men, whose parents have lived to old age, in the full enjoyment of a home honored for its spotlessness, suddenly disappear from society and home, and fast go down into the depths of depravity and sinfulness. Why is this so? Are we living too rapidly? Have we forgotten that our pilgrimage here is but the preparatory stages of that future life, which we believe to be eternal?

> "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
> Was not spoken of the soul."

Have we forgotten our duty to our fellow man in the headlong race "to the grave"—have we forgotten God, and the great "hereafter?" It seems so sometimes, as we look out upon the boiling, seething mass of humanity, rushing like frenzied madmen.

Let each one try to teach a better morality, and learn to find in contentment that peace of mind which is the handmaid of honesty. There is great danger to our institutions, unless this terrible proneness to lose sight of virtue, in the search for health, is checked. There is danger unless a higher, stricter morality is taught, and stern justice is administered to the guilty. The recent lessons taught by the base thieves in New York, are corroborated by similar developments all over the land. Down with the brakes, put every one charged with important trusts under close guard, remove all temptation possible, and above all, let us cultivate a more homely, but a correct economy, and lay no more snares to entrap the weak, by giving to them an example which they cannot follow and remain honest.

The Suez Canal.—Why people should expect this canal to be different from canals in general, I do not know; but I have never yet met a man that had seen it who did not express his astonishment at finding it "just like any other canal, sir; neither more nor less!" Possibly the great name of its designer, the length of time during which it has been before the world, and the splendid baptism which it received in November, 1869, with all the Kings and Princes of the earth for its sponsors, have cast a glamor over it, making it appear greater and more wonderful than it really is. But as you gradually become familiar with the utter barrenness of the country, void alike of food and shelter—the treacherous nature of the soil, which runs like treacle into the canal from either bank, necessitating the constant working of dredgers to keep the passage clear—the merciless heat, striking us heavily even in April—the furious squalls of wind and rain (one of which wets us all to the skin, provoking our Captain to observe sarcastically that "them book-larned folks what says it don't rain in Egypt, had ought to come here and try"),—as you realize all this you begin to admire, in your own despite, this little ribbon of light green water, twenty-six and a half feet in depth, by seventy to one hundred feet broad, drawn athwart the dull brassy yellow of the everlasting desert—the enterprise which, begun by an Egyptian King nearly thirty centuries ago, has received its completion in our day from the hand of a French engineer.

But picturesque it certainly is not. Two interminable lines of grayish-yellow sand, growing gradually higher as we advance southward; a huge dredger, every now and then, lying like a castle upon the water, with its clamorous freight of blue-shirted men and red-capped boys, who rush to stare at us as we pass; a stray canal-steamer (contemptuously apostrophized by our skipper as *Puffing Billy*) from Ismailia, with good accommodation for one passenger, provided he be a thin one; a few little stations, consisting chiefly of one hut apiece, with a resident population of two men and a dog; such are the leading characteristics of the great, international thoroughfare. The only really impressive part of it comes after leaving Ismailia, when, under the glorious moonlight of the south, you cast anchor for the night amid the lonely vastness of the Bitter Lake, with wave after wave of purple hill rising up far away to the west against the transparent sky. Then, all the wonderful past of this strange country seems real and present enough; but when, at noon on the following day, you find yourself off Suez, with the P. and O. flag floating on every side, and English beefsteaks and English newspapers awaiting your pleasure, the nineteenth century asserts itself once more.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Trouble.—If all our troubles were single, few men would complain of them. But when they come in flocks, and crowds, then people cry out against them. But do they not always come single, and do we not keep them, and pile them up, and put yesterday's troubles upon to-day's, and anticipate the troubles of to-morrow, till we break down under them. Troubles do not hunt in packs, like hounds, but come single, and can be met one by one, and conquered or borne. A wood-pile cannot be carried in the arm, but separate it into single sticks, and a child can say to it, "be thou removed to yonder place," and it shall be done. So troubles, in bulk, cannot be borne, but trouble, taken as it comes, day by day, is ballast, keeping the mind steady when the gales stiffen, and sends us on with a quicker motion on the roughened waters.

Plows.

[N. Y. Mercantile Journal.]

Very few persons realize how brief is the period within which so common and indispensable an implement as the plow has received nearly every improvement which distinguishes it from that in use many centuries ago. It may not be uninteresting or useless to turn back a moment to history and see. In the time of Hesiod, eight hundred and fifty years before Christ, we find plows described which consisted of the beam inserted into an upright standard the foot of which was shod with metal, while into the upper part were inserted handles to guide it. But little later than this age, the Hebrew Prophets lived who tell us of "beating the swords into plow-shares;" and the plows of their nation and time, as well as those of the Egyptians, are described similarly to the Greek plows mentioned by Hesiod. Another five hundred years pass, and we find Virgil, at the beginning of the Christian era, giving minute directions how to bend the young elm so that the branches shall grow into the form of the "crooked plow." The Romans added to these branches, "grown into shape," two wooden mould-boards, so as to turn a broken furrow each way; also, sometimes, the colter or knife, which was attached to the beam to cut the sods and roots in advance of the share; sometimes, too, the little wheel at the end of the beam for a guide. But nothing more elaborate than these wooden mould-boards, and "grown handles," or pins inserted into the uprights for handles, was used anywhere in the world for almost eighteen hundred years subsequently; and in the regions where were most skill and enterprise, there was often a great scarcity of even such rude implements. In 1617, in the colony of Virginia, the Governor wrote: "We did suffer for want of skilful husbandmen, and means to set their plows on work; having as good ground as any man can desire, and about forty bulls and oxen, but they wanted men to bring them to labor, and iron for the plows, and harness for the cattle. Some thirty or forty acres we had sown with one plow." More than thirty years after this a resident gives the whole number of plows owned by the colony as only one hundred and fifty. The Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, in a historical sketch, says that twelve years after the landing of the Pilgrims the farmers about Boston had no plows, and were compelled to break up the brushes and prepare for cultivation with their hands, and with rude and clumsy hoes and mattocks. In 1737 there were but seven plows in the colony of Massachusetts Bay. It was the custom, even to a much later period, for any one owning a plow to go about and do the plowing for the inhabitants over a considerable extent of territory. A town often paid a bounty to any one who would buy and keep a plow in repair for the purpose of going about in this way. It required three men to do the work, a driver, a strong man to hold the plow, and another to press down the beam.

At the same period, the plows used by the French settlers of Illinois were even more rude. They were made of wood, with a small point of iron tied upon the wood with straps of raw hide. The beams rested on an axle and small wooden wheels, the whole drawn by oxen yoked to the plows by the horn, a straight yoke attached by raw leather straps being used for the purpose. Few of this generation probably have ever seen this old French rig, yoke and all, but many of us, who think ourselves yet young men, used to be familiar with the old wooden mould-board plows. They were made by nearly every blacksmith about the country; strips of iron, or steel, or pieces of old saws, being nailed to the mould-board and the landside to prevent wearing away. The first patent for a cast iron plow granted in this country was to Charles Newbold, of Burlington, New Jersey, in 1797. This combined the mould-board, landside and share, all cast together. It could not, however, have been the first iron plow used here, for a castiron mould-board had been invented in Scotland some fifty years before, though wrought iron shares were in exclusive use as late as 1785. The introduction of these improved iron plows was very slow. Many farmers claimed that they poisoned the land and spoiled their crops! Once fairly started, however, they spread rapidly. Men formerly did not like much better than now to throw away hard labor. Some of the best minds in the country gave thought to the subject. Jefferson wrote a somewhat elaborate treatise on the form of the mould board, discussing it on scientific principles. Practical men and mechanics took it up, and, as the result, we have now so great a variety of excellent patterns, adapted to all sorts of soils and uses, that, so far as the common plow is concerned, there seems little chance of further improvement. Some four hundred patents have been issued from the office at Washington, for various devices and improvements in this one article. It is estimated on good authority, that no less than ten million dollars a year in the work of teams, and one million dollars in the cost of plows, and untold millions in the increased value of crops, have been saved to the country through these improvements.

The Theater in China.

In China the dramatic profession is considered contemptible, vile and dishonorable. Those who exercise it are shut out from all literary competition, and cannot indulge in the hope, open to all other inhabitants of the great empire, of obtaining by merit an administrative rank and walking beneath the official umbrella "which shines like a silvery cloud." The principal cause of this general contumely comes from the fact that directors of theaters are in the habit of buying the children of slaves in order to bring them up to the stage. In spite of this, Chinese actors are sometimes of good family, stolen, perhaps, in their infancy.

To console them for the contempt and ignominy which follows them as a class, the comedians of China, as elsewhere, may turn to their triumphs on the boards and in the streets, their influence over the public, their illusive splendors, and their adventurous life, merry and vagrant. They travel from town to town in companies, generally following the course of the rivers, for traveling by water is the most comfortable way in China, letting themselves out for a few days at a time to the *bouzes*, or to some great personage who wishes to make a display of munificence. They put up at small expense a temporary stage, upon which they go through their *repertoire*, after which they move off, carrying with them the joy and laughter which springs up in their path. The junk in which they travel, and which very frequently forms their only home, is gaudily decorated, grotesque and conspicuous, covered with extraordinary pictures, often carrying a figurehead in the shape of a huge dragon, grasshopper, or fish with eyes starting from its head; the outside of the cabin on deck is hung with lanterns and fluttering festoons of silks. Within this cabin, while on the voyage, the actors study and rehearse their parts under the direction of their stage-manager.

Here the Sino-No, or sentimental man, practices a squeaky voice to express youth, and strives to give to his bearing that simplicity and humility which would indicate his being always in the presence of old age. The Tchin-Mo, who takes the leading parts, studies the expression of feature in a mirror of polished steel. The Ounz, or heavy dignitary, makes himself pompous and full of majesty; the Pei-Lao, elderly parent, studies to be grave and venerable, while the Tcheou, comic actor, makes faces and counterfeits his voice. At present as women are not allowed upon the stage in China, the youngest and most attractive boys of the troupe are trained to represent the young girl of illustrious origin, the virtuous wife, the frivolous woman, and the widow who forgets her duties. Another set of actors study to step lightly, speak in a ghostly manner, and appear pale and diaphanous, in order to depict ghosts, gods and genii. Every member of the company is accomplished in turning summersaults, singing and playing on all kinds of instruments.

Thus they float along joyously under a clear sky, wondering at the monotony of the lives of the laborers and peasants whom they pass, greeted when they stop with enthusiastic acclamation by people collected on the banks of the river.

The Last of a Hermit.

DEATH OF A KANSAS RECLUSE—HE DIES ALONE IN THE CAVE WHERE HE HAD LIVED FOR TWENTY YEARS.

[From the New York Times, Nov. 16.]

Hermits are commonly held to be creatures of romance rather than reality, yet there are such beings even in this prosaic age. A recluse dies in Saline county, Kansas, a week or two ago, who for twenty long years had lived absolutely alone. He dwelt in a large cave, some ten miles from the town of [illegible], and nothing was known of his early career until after his death. That career then proved to have been very touching and mournful.

The hermit's name was Franklin Elliott. During the years of his solitary existence in the cave, he was an object of constant speculation and curiosity. Once or twice only in the year he came into the town. He would then barter game or pelts for powder, shot and salt—seldom anything else—speaking as few words as might be, and then hastening away. Sometimes he would be seen in the woods carrying a long rifle and quantities of game. If he saw people approaching, he would try to avoid them by turning aside [illegible]. If that happened to be impracticable he would stalk moodily straight on. When spoken to he would reply briefly and coldly, and at once depart. He had a commanding air and [illegible], set face, and, in spite of his squalid attire, long elfin looks and singular mode of life, inspired as much respect as curiosity. The cave in which the [illegible] lived was commodious, having been enlarged [illegible] by himself, from a small hole to an apartment twenty-five feet square and ten to twelve feet high. When examined after his death it was quite void of furniture. Pieces of stone and niches in the rocky walls apparently served as chairs, tables and shelves. A rifle and fowling-piece were found, a long broad bowie knife, fishing tackle, cooking utensils, and a number of books. Among the latter were copies of Shakespeare, Sterne, Addison, Schiller, Southey, and Spenser. In one corner was a heap of blankets and skins, and on these lay the solitary occupant of the retreat—dead.

Two gentlemen had been hunting near by and were overtaken by a storm. Seeking refuge at the cave, they knocked at its heavy, iron-bound door. No response being made to their repeated summons, they proceeded cautiously to the inside, and saw what we have described. They also found a small tin box, such as is used by lawyers, and in this were papers that made clear the unhappy man's history. He had been well born, educated, and [illegible]. It would appear that he must have been early in life elected to the Legislature of his native State, Kentucky. Before [illegible] had become passionately attached to a young girl. A likeness of her, showing [illegible] must have possessed [illegible] beauty qualified by a rather [illegible] expression, was also found in the box. Several letters, in different hands, make the whole drama clear. "Olive," for such was her name as written in the portrait and in the letters, [illegible] led Elliott at first to think his love for her returned. In other words, she amused herself with him after the fashion of many of her sex without having any real feeling. While the game was going on, some one crossed her path for whom she conceived a veritable passion. She corresponded with this fresh admirer but lacked moral courage to tell the other one the truth. Either for this reason or one of contemptible vanity, she kept up her affairs with both. Elliott discovered all, as letters in the tin box, written by Olive, to both himself and his rival, proved, such letters, bearing the same date, were found side by side, and stained with blood, in the same package.

In the same package was a yellow printed slip cut from an old newspaper. It gave an account of a frightful duel fought between the two men with rifles at twenty-five paces. Elliott shot his antagonist through the head. The cause of the duel, as described by the slip, was a dispute at cards. It described the slain man, Bailey, as "handsome, brave and lax of principle." What happened afterward as regards "Olive" is unknown. Neither law nor public opinion was severe on dueling in Kentucky a quarter of a century ago, so that there was no particular reason for Elliott to fly. He went abroad, however, and seems to have remained in Europe two or three years. Whether moved to return and to seek a solitary life by the stings of conscience or by the misery of a broken heart, can only be conjectured. It is only known that he did return, that he abandoned friends and society forever, and lived like the melancholy *Jacques*, in an "abandoned cave" until death mercifully closed his eyes. The compassionate will be glad to be told that tender hands reverently disposed the poor outcast's remains, gave him decent burial, and marked the spot with a memorial stone. Upon it is inscribed "Franklin Elliott. A Stranger. November 7, 1871."

Same Color in the Dark.—Certainty cannot always be attained in the hurry of every-day life. Blunders often follow on the heels of haste, as was illustrated by an infatuated youth, Sunday night. He had taken his dulcina home from church, and was lingering in the door-way for a moment's dalliance. The little lady had gone inside and partially closed the door. Through the little space, made by the door left ajar, he was toying with the kisses that she gave him sweet. So interested was he that the approaching footstep of the servant, escaped him. Not so with the lady. She heard it and jerked away her head just as the African's woolly crown was in its place. The smack that he gave the sable Abigail resounded like the crack of a wagon whip, while the sound of her explosive "Gorra mighty—what dat?" mingled with the fleeting foot-falls of his lady love, as she retreated up the stairs. The youth says the African's kiss wasn't good, after what he had tasted. He says he won't kiss in the dark any more.—*N. C. Picayune.*

A Singular Wedding.—A Cincinnati paper tells of a very singular wedding which took place in that city a few days ago. A young lady was engaged to be married but her mother took fatally sick, and told her daughter, as she could not live until the day appointed, to see her lover and have the marriage consummated at an earlier date, as she did not wish to die until she saw her daughter married. Accordingly, the day was set, only a few days from the time of the interview. But on the morning of the day appointed, the mother suddenly died, but her last words were an earnest request that the marriage should not be postponed, and the suffering of the daughter in complying is hardly to be conceived. The gloom of death was over the household and followed to the church. It sat on the pale face and orange wreath of the beautiful bride, and hung mournfully on the solemn responses of the service. The little that sympathy could do in so sad a case was abundantly given.

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Aspiring Miss De Laine.

A CHEMICAL NARRATIVE.

Certain facts which serve to explain
The personal charms of Miss Addie De Laine,
Who, as common reports obtain,
Surpassed in complexion the lily and rose;
With a very sweet mouth and retrousse nose;
A figure like Hebe's or that which revolves
In a milliner's window, and partially solves
That question which mentor and moralist pains,
If grace may exist minus feeling or brains.
Of course the young lady had beaux by the score,
All the wanted—what girl could ask more?
Lovers that sighed, and lovers that swore,
Lovers that danced, and lovers that played,
Men of profession, of leisure and trade;
But one, who was destined to take high part
Of holding that mythical treasure, her heart—
This lover—the wonder and envy of town—
Was a practicing chemist—a fellow called Brown.

I might here remark that 'twas doubted by many,
In regard to the heart, if Miss Addie had any;
But no one could look in that eloquent face,
With its exquisite outline and features of grace,
And mark, through the transparent skin how the tide
Ebbed and flowed at the impulse of passion and pride,
None could look, who believed in the world's circulation
As argued by Harvey, but saw confirmation;
That here, at least, Nature had triumphed o'er art,
And as far as complexion went, she had a heart.

But this *par parenthesis*: Brown was the man
Preferred of all others, to carry her fan,
Hook her gloves, drape her shawl, and do all that a belle
May demand of a lover she wants to treat well.
Folks wondered and stared that a fellow called Brown
Abstracted and solemn, in manner a clown,
Ill dressed, with a lingering smell of the shop—
Should appear as her escort at party or hop.
Some swore he cocked up some villainous charm,
Of love philter, not in the regular Pharm.
Acopea, and thus from pure *malis prepense*,
Had bewitched and bamboozled the young lady's sense;
Others thought with more reason the secret to lie
In a magical wash or indelible dye;
While Society, with its censorious eye—
And judgment impartial, stood ready to damn
What wasn't improper as being a sham.
For a fortnight the townfolk had all been agog
With a party the finest the season had seen,
To be given in honor of Miss Pollywog,
Who was just coming out as a belle of sixteen.
The guests were invited; but one night before,
A carriage drew up at the modest back-door
Of Brown's laboratory; and full in the glare
Of a big purple bottle, some closely-veiled fair
Alighted and entered, to make matters plain,
Spite of veils and disguises—'twas Addie De Laine.

As a bower for true love, 'twas hardly the one
That a lady would choose to be wooed in or won;
No odor of rose or sweet jessamine's sigh
Breathed a fragrance to hallow their pledge of troth by,
Nor the balm that exhales from the odorous thyme;
But the gaseous effusions of chloride of lime,
And salts, which your chemist delights to explain
As the base of the smell of the rose and the drain.
Think of this, O, ye lovers of sweetness! and know
What you smell, when you snuff up Lubin or Pinaud.

I pass by the greetings, the transport and bliss,
Which, of course, duly followed a meeting like this,
And come down to business—for such the intent,
Of the lady who now o'er the crucible leant,
In the glow of a furnace of carbon and lime,
Like a fairy called up in a new pantomime;
And give but her words as she coyly looked down,
In reply to the questioning glances of Brown:

"I am taking the drops, and am using the paste,
And the little white powders that have a sweet taste,
Which you told me would brighten the glance of my eye,
And the depilatory and also the dye,
And I'm charmed with the trial; and now, my dear Brown
I have one other favor,—now, ducky, don't frown,
Only one, for a chemist and genius like you
But a trifle, and one you can easily do.
Now listen: to-morrow, you know, is the night
Of the birthday *soiree* of that Pollywog fright;
And I'm to be there, and the dress I shall wear
Is too lovely; but"—"But what then, *ma chere*?"
Said Brown as the lady came to a full stop,
And glanced round the shelves of the little back shop.

"Well, I want—I want something to fill out the skirt
To the proper dimension, without being girt
In a stiff crinoline, or caged in a hoop
That shows through one's skirt like the bars of a coop;
Something light, that a lady may waltz in or polk,
With a freedom that none but you masculine folk
Ever know. For, however poor woman aspires,
She's always bound down to the earth by these wires,
Are you listening? nonsense! don't stare like a spoon,
Idiotic; some light thing, and spacious, and soon—
Something like—well, in fact—something like a balloon!"
Here she paused; and here Brown, overcome by surprise,
Gave a doubting assent, with still wondering eyes,
And the lady departed. But just at the door
Something happened,—'tis true it had happened before
In this sanctum of science,—a sibilant sound,
Like some element just from its trammels unbound,
Or two substances that their affinities found.

The night of the anxiously looked-for soiree
Had come, with its fair ones in gorgeous array;
With the rattle of wheels, and the tinkle of bells,
And the "How do ye do's," and the "Hopes you are wells;"
And the crush in the passage, and last lingering look
You give as you hang your best hat on the hook;
The rush of hot air as the door opens wide;
And your entry—that blending of self-possessed pride
And humility shown in your perfect-bred stare
At the folk, as if wondering how they got there;
With other tricks worthy of Vanity Fair.
Meanwhile that safe topic, the heat of the room,
Already was losing its freshness and bloom;
Young people were yawning, and wondering when
The dance would come off, and why didn't it then;
When a vain expectation was thrilling the crowd,
Lo, the door swung its hinges with utterance proud!
And Pompey announced with trumpet-like strain,
The entrance of Brown and Miss Addie De Laine.

She entered; but oh, how imperfect the verb,
To express to the senses her movement superb!
To say that she "sailed in" more clearly might tell
Her grace in its buoyant and billowy swell.
Her robe was a vague circumambient space,
With shadowy boundaries made of point-lace.
The rest was but guess-work, and well might defy
The power of critic [illegible] milliner's eye;
To define or describe; 'twere as futile to try
The gossamer web of the cirrus to trace,
Floating far in the blue of a warm summer sky.

'Midst the humming of praises and the glances of beaux
That greet our fair maiden wherever she goes,
Brown slipped like a shadow, grim, silent and black,
With a look of anxiety, close in her track.
Once he whispered aside in her delicate ear,
A sentence of warning—it might be of fear:
"Don't stand in the draught, if you value your life."
(Nothing more—such advice might be given your wife,
Or your sweetheart, in view of bronchitis and cough;
Without mystery, romance, or frivolous scoff.)
But hark to the music! the dance has begun;
The closely draped windows wide open are flung;
The notes of the piccolo, joyous and light,
Like bubbles burst forth on the warm summer night.
Round about go the dancers; in circles they fly;
Trip, trip, go their feet as their skirts eddy by;
And swifter and lighter, but somewhat too plain,
Whisks the fair circumvolving Miss Addie De Laine.

Taglioni and Cerito well might have pined
For the vigor and ease that her movements combined;
E'en Rigelboch never flung higher her robe
In the naughtiest city that's known on the globe.
'Twas amazing, 'twas scandalous: lost in surprise,
Some opened their mouths, and a few shut their eyes.

But hark! At the moment Miss Addie De Laine,
Circling round at the outer edge of an ellipse,
Which brought her fair form to the window again,
From the arms of her partner incautiously slips!
And a shriek fills the air, and the music is still,
And the crowd gather round where her partner forlorn
Still frenziedly points from the wide window-sill
Into space and the night; for Miss Addie was gone.

Gone like the bubble that bursts in the sun;
Gone like the grain when the reaper is done;
Gone like the dew on the fresh morning grass;
Gone without parting farewell; and alas!
Gone with a flavor of Hydrogen Gas!

When the weather is pleasant, you frequently meet
A white-headed man slowly pacing the street,
His trembling hand shading his lack-lustre eye,
Half blind with continually scanning the sky.
Rumor points him as some astronomical sage,
Reperusing by day the celestial page;
But the reader, sagacious, will recognize Brown,
Trying vainly to conjure his lost sweetheart down,
And learn the stern moral this story must teach
That Genius may lift its love out of its reach.

—*Bret Harte.*

From Death to Life

OR WHAT HAPPENED FROM THE FALLING OF A TREE.

He was a tall, one-eyed man, wearing a broad brimmed hat and a red flannel shirt. He sat on the railing of the bridge, whittling and talking to three or four others, standing near by.

Yes, sir, (said he,) I was dead once. It was the strangest thing you ever saw in your life.

You don't believe it, ha!

Well, I don't wonder much. I don't suppose any man went through such an awful siege, and I can't expect anybody to look at it as I do. You see it happened like this: It was that winter we lumbered on Whitcomb Creek, six or eight years ago. It was war times then, and wages were good—I was getting forty dollars a month and worked like a beaver till this little affair came off. We went at work about a mile from the shanty—Jim Robinson and me—and had slashed into the pine like all possessed. The boys were hauling pretty lively, for it was early in January and sleighing was good. Jim was at work on a big tree about twenty rods from where I was. Pretty soon, after he yelled to me, his tree toppled over and fell. It was as handsome a piece of pine timber as you ever saw, and I watched it as it fell. Crash it went, right into the branches of an old grub oak, and hung just there. I never saw a feller madder than Jim was. He tried every possible way to loosen the pine, but couldn't get it off. Finally, we made up our minds to go for the oak tree, and in about ten minutes we had it cut through so it trembled like a leaf with every stroke of the axe, he cutting on one side and I on the other. When it was almost through, as I was the biggest and best chopper, says I to Jim:

"Let me finish her, Jim. Get out of the way, and I will have her through in half a minute."

I had been chopping a minute or two when Jim let loose a scream that would have made an Injun's blood run cold. I just had time to look up and see that pine tree tumbling down, when I dropped my axe and run. I couldn't have got far when something seemed to hit my eyes, and then everything was dark.

I suppose I was dead.

Maybe you don't believe me, boys, but that's all I can make out of it. All at once, the light, the looks of the snow on the ground, everything was shut out from my sight. There was a kind of an uncertain kind of feeling, just as a fellow has when he's asleep. I knew something awful had happened, but I could not stir hand or foot. It seemed as though it was night, and that I was covered up by something that pressed heavily on me. Still, there wasn't any particular pain, and for a long time I couldn't think where I was. How long I staid there, I can't tell. I suppose it wasn't long, when I felt somebody pull my arm, and I heard Jim Robinson say:

"O, Lord! Poor fellow!"

I know he was there, and I could feel him touch me, and yet I couldn't speak or open my eyes. He thought I was dead. Then I wondered if all dead folks could hear and think things as I did. I tried to move my hands—I tried to breathe—I tried to scream. But I couldn't do anything. Jim left me, and the next I remember of, I was pulled out from under the tree and hauled to the shanty on one of the sleds. You may bet there was considerable excitement among the boys when I was taken into camp. I could feel that I was dead. My heart didn't beat. I couldn't move. But I could hear, and had a kind of misty notion about everything that was going on about me.

Some of the boys after feeling of my forred, wanted to send for the doctor.

"It's no use, boys," said the boss, "the poor fellow's gone. His neck was broke. The most we can do for him is to take him home to his folks."

Well, they laid me out on one of the sleighs, and after fixing me up in as decent a way as a corpse could be in a lumber camp, one of the teamsters started with me for Oshkosh.

I first didn't realize just how bad the situation was. When it began to leak into my head that I was really dead, and was going to be buried in the ground, and shut out forever from the light of the sun, it frightened me. The long ride to Oshkosh passed like those things that happen in a dream. We got there, and I was taken to my brother's house. He felt terribly bad when I was brought home. I hadn't any idea that he thought so much of me as he did! I could hear him cry and talk, and still I hadn't the power to move a muscle. I was put in a coffin, and it finally came out that I was to be taken to Watertown to be buried. My old mother lived there, you know. O, boys, I hope none of you will ever be made to feel the horrors that I felt, when I knew that I was boxed up in a coffin, and would soon be buried. Seven years have gone by since then, but I never think of it without a shudder.

I could feel them putting on the lid of the coffin, and then I knew I was fastened up.

From that time until the cover of the coffin was raised again I haven't any recollection of what happened, only that I was continually in motion. Though I couldn't open my eyes, I sorter felt that it was dark, and I was going somewhere. All of a sudden, I felt that some one was turning the screws of the coffin lid, and after a while the cover was taken off.

My poor mother screamed as though her heart was broke. I couldn't stir, and yet I could feel the warm drops from her eyes upon my face.

I would rather die a thousand times over than go through the horrible suffering of that affair again. There I was dead and going to be buried, and yet so near alive that I knew what was going on. Boys, you may talk, but there is nobody in this world that thinks as much of you as your mother. You can imagine my feelings—no, you can't have the least notion of, how I felt when she was taking on so over me.

After awhile I could feel that my mother had stopped crying. Then I thought she must have fainted. I never was much in the praying line, but if any one ever made a strong try to call on God for assistance, I did then. I could feel my mother's soft hand on my head.

"George," said she to my brother, "his forehead don't feel very cold. How strange it is!"

Then George's hand was put on my forehead, and I could feel him place his hand on my breast.

They seemed to think I might not be dead.

Pretty soon a neighbor came in, and there was a good deal of talking that I couldn't understand. Then I was lifted out of the coffin and placed on a bed. I was rubbed all over with a coarse towel.

Still I couldn't stir or open my eyes.

They gave up all hopes and left me.

Then my mother came to give me one last look. I could feel her near me just as she used to be when I was a boy, and her hand smoothed my hair in the old way that seemed to take me back to the time when I wasn't so bad as I am now.

I tried with all the force I could to speak. I made one strong effort to rouse myself, and finally broke the spell, and looked up.

My mother fainted, but help soon came, and after taking some medicine and doctor's stuff, I was able to think freely and breathe again.

In a little while I was well again, with the exception of an ugly scar in the back of my neck.

The doctors said I had a narrow escape. My spinal cord, they said, had been struck by the branch of the tree, and I was as good as dead. It was more than a miracle that I was ever brought to. They had a good deal to say about paralyzing my nervous system, and stopping my circulation, and all that; but, at any rate, I got well.

I didn't chop any more that winter.

PRETTY GIFTS DISDAINED.—The New York *Herald* has this:

The Chicago Germans express themselves disgusted at the niggardly gifts of Emperor William and the Crown Prince to the sufferers by the great fire, and indignantly fling them back in their faces with a small donation of their own thereunto appended for distribution to the maimed German soldiers of the Franco-Prussian war. Looking a gift horse in the mouth is another Chicago peculiarity; but in this case, considering that Chicago furnished a pretty generous sum to the German sick and wounded during the war, and that one thousand thalers from the Kaiser and five hundred from the Crown Prince are all their returns for the same, we don't doubt that they are righteous in their indignation.

The Tammany Ring appears to have imitators out in Indiana. The Attorney General states that in making up his cases against those officials who are charged with defrauding the State out of large amounts of money, he finds many of the vouchers and other important papers missing from their places in the archives of the State. These documents have been stolen for the purpose, no doubt, of shielding the guilty parties, just as the City Hall burglary here was designed to prevent the discovery of the evidence of the crimes of the Ring.—*New York Evening Mail.*

Jon Doubler died near Canadensis, Monroe county, Pennsylvania, on the 15th of October, aged eighty-three years. The deceased was with Bonaparte's army on its unfortunate march to Moscow, and was one of the seven who returned out of a company of one hundred and eighty that started. He had been in this country about forty-two years, and was one of the pioneers in what is now Barnet township, having removed to that section nearly thirty years ago.

An officer of the customs of Eastport, seeing a conspicuous looking package being carried through one of the streets, one evening not long since, asked what the package contained. "Nothing but swill," said the innocent carrier. The swill turned out to be an appropriate name for a cask of gin, which is now the property of Uncle Sam.

The Chicago *Tribune* says its first issue after the fire was worked on a one-cylinder press, "the power consisting of sixteen stout Germans and Irishmen, working in reliefs of four and turning like a steam engine."

Anecdotes of the Raven.

The scene of the incident was one of those fairs which, in our boyish days, we remember so well, and with pleasant and not altogether ungrateful feeling, that our modern civilization is rapidly making them institutions of the past. On the outside canvas of one show was depicted the representation of a huge bird, which was described in gigantic characters as the "Learned Raven."

There was a goodly congregation assembled within the precincts of the booth to witness the performance of the wonderful bird, and, as a matter of course, a respectable sprinkling of the sex, old and young, which is especially accredited with the bump of curiosity. The raven duly appeared, went through sundry tricks not supposed to be general with ravens in their natural state, such as picking out from a circle of cards, each of which was conspicuously impressed with a capital letter, the components, letter by letter, of some desired word and arranging them in their proper orthographical order; and then, selecting the fairest damsel in the company, made her a bow and his own reputation in the hearts of every one present at the same moment.

One old lady, however, unwilling to let well alone, asked the showman, with a patronizing air, if the raven had a name.

"Yes," said the showman, in his rough manner, "he knows it well enough; but he don't like to be asked his name."

But the elderly dame, to whom a certain air of religious asceticism, which hardly befitted such a scene of gayety, had imparted an authoritative mein, challenged the "learned raven"—

"What's your name?"

"Beelzebub!" cried the raven; and, clearing the stage at a swoop, made straight for his inquisitive interrogator, who was only too glad to "skedaddle" from the scene of action, amid the uproarous laughter of the company.

One of these birds used to be kept, about the year 1808, at the Red Lion, Hungerford. A gentleman's chaise, in turning into the yard, ran over the leg of his Newfoundland dog, and while examining the injury done, Ralph was evidently a concerned spectator. When the dog was tied up under the manger with the horses, Ralph attended upon him with peculiar kindness. This was so marked that it was observed to the hostler, who said that he had been bred from his pin-feather in intimacy with a dog, that the affection between them was mutual, and that all the neighborhood had been witnesses of the acts of fondness they had conferred upon each other. This dog, also, had his leg broken; and during the long time he was confined Ralph waited upon and carried him provisions daily. By accident the hostler shut the stable door, and Ralph was deprived of the company of his friend the whole night; but in the morning the door was found so pecked that Ralph would, in another hour, have made his own entrance port.—*Once a Week.*

Curious Stage Incidents.

It is curious how many of the incidents and details of representation escape the notice of the audience. And here we are referring less to merits than to mischances. Good acting may not always obtain due recognition; but then how often bad acting and accidental deficiencies remain undetected! "We were all terribly out, but the audience did not see it," actors will often candidly admit. Although we in front sometimes see and hear things we should not, some peculiarity of our position blinds and deafens us to much. Our eyes are beguiled into accepting age for youth, shabbiness for finery, tinsel for splendor. Garrick frankly owned that he had once appeared upon the stage so inebriated as to be scarcely able to articulate, but his friends endeavored to stifle or cover this trespass with loud applause, and the majority of the audience did not perceive that anything extraordinary was the matter. What happened to Garrick on that occasion has happened to others of his profession. And our ears do not catch much of what is uttered on the stage. Young, the actor, used to relate that on one occasion, when playing the hero of the "Gamester," to the *Mrs. Beverley* of Sarah Siddons, he was so overcome by the passion of her acting as to be quite unable to proceed with his part. There was a long pause, during which the prompter several times repeated the words which *Beverley* should speak. Then "Mrs. Siddons coming up to her fellow-actor, put the tips of her fingers upon his shoulders, and said, in a low voice, 'Mr. Young, recollect yourself,'" Yet probably from the front of the house nothing was seen or heard of this. In the same way the players will sometimes prompt each other through whole scenes, interchange remarks as to necessary adjustments of dress, or instructions as to "business," to be gone through, without exciting the attention of the audience. Kean's pathetic whisper, "I am dying, speak to them for me," when, playing for the last time, he sank into the arms of his son, was probably not heard across the orchestra.

A famous *Lady Macbeth*, "starring," in America, had been accidentally detained on her journey to a remote theatre. She arrived in time only to change her dress rapidly and hurry on the scene. The performers were all strangers to her. At the conclusion of her first soliloquy, a messenger should enter to announce the coming of *King Duncan*. But what was her amazement to hear in answer to her demand, "What is your tidings?" not the usual reply, "The King comes here tonight," but the whisper, spoken from behind a Scotch bonnet, upheld to prevent the words reaching the ears of the audience, "Hush; I'm *Macbeth*! We've cut the messenger out—go on please." Another disconcerted performer must have been the provincial *Richard the Third* to whom the Ratcliffe of the theatre—who ordinarily played harlequin, could not enter without something of that tripping and twirling gait peculiar to pantomime—brought the information, long before it was due, that "the *Duke of Buckingham* was taken!" "Not yet, you fool," whispered *Richard*. "Beg pardon. Thought he was," cried Harlequin Ratcliffe, as, carried away by his feelings or the force of habit, he threw what tumblers call "a catherine-wheel," and made a rapid exit.—*All the Year Round.*

The Walsingham Caves, (Bermuda.)

The two most remarkable caves of Walsingham—the Island Cave and the Ladder Cave—the former the most beautiful and the latter the most extensive of all, are situated in a little dell, planted with the usual cedar trees. In this, rise up quite abruptly the gray rocks which contain the caverns; the surface of the crags is almost covered with moss of different hues, and the maiden hair fern, so prized in English hot-houses, is here as common as a weed, yet none the less beautiful and grateful to the eye, with its tender green tint and little glossy black stem so slight and wiry. It forms a beautiful contrast in color to the sombre cedar foliage which prevails everywhere. Having provided ourselves with a blue light and large branches of very dry cedar brush, we groped our way in through a small aperture covered by creeping plants, and after some little difficulty—for it had been wet weather and it was both muddy and slippery, we at length stood before a little rocky barrier. Setting fire to the scrub, which makes a splendid natural torch, we gazed around in wondering admiration at the most beautiful sight I, for one, had ever beheld.

The cave was very lofty, but narrowed down to the lower end many feet below where we stood. The high-vaulted roof and walls were covered with masses of sparkling crystal of all shapes and forms; stalactites of every kind, in huge masses of enormous size, or long slender spikes, some of them many feet in length, hung down from the ceiling and reflected back the rays of the candles and torches. Looking down, just in front of us lay a lake of pale green waters, so clear that it was impossible to tell where it commenced or how great its transparent depths. Just opposite to us, in the midst, rose a small island of exquisite coral formation, covered with bright weeds and sponges. As the cave narrowed, the darkness became greater, and through an aperture low down in the rock one single ray of dazzling white light fell across the water, throwing out with startling effect the black shadows and darkness around. When the blue light was struck, the enchantment was complete, and one expected to see Undine in her pale loveliness, and with her gleaming golden hair, rise out of the crystal water. I could have stayed there contentedly for hours but the brush had died out, the candles had given their last flicker, and the blue light had rendered the atmosphere far from pleasant. So we had to return from the haunts of mermaids to our common ordinary life.—*Argosy.*

SHORT PARAGRAPHS.

Arkansas intends making the crime of eloping with another man's wife a capital offense. That is what it is now, if she's pretty.

A Missourian, while journeying to Louisville recently, took a sleeping car for convenience. During the night he got up and went out on the platform; the door closed and fastened with a spring lock. The porter was asleep, and the citizen enjoyed a fifty mile ride in his night-clothes on the platform.

This is the way the Chicago *Post* celebrates the march of civilization in that city:

> "Desolation continues to reign,
> But Cupid keeps up his fun;
> There have been 359
> Marriages since the fire."

In another place the *Post* says: "There have been 417 babies published in this city since the fire—311 of them females. Hail to the New Shecargo.

Another bachelor looks at it in this way: "A baby is not beautiful. It is high-headed, malformed of limb, misshapen of trunk, bloated and puffy as to countenance and comparatively hairless as to scalp. A baby is not good. It is selfish, wantonly cruel, thoughtless, greedy and ungrateful. It is immodest moreover, and is always executing some shocking atrocity. A baby is not personally cleanly; it revels in dirt, and takes a sharp delight in being grimy and smutted of cheek, sticky of palm, soiled in its raiment and generally ill smelling. I write these several indictments more in sorrow than in anger, and confident in the justice and truth of them I invite discussion. Sir, you know the facts are as above stated. Madame, you know it."

Within five months the Rev. Mr. Brock buried his wife, engaged himself to three women, married one of them, was sued for breach of promise by one of the others, got a divorce and married the one who sued him for the breach of promise, was tried by an ecclesiastical council and suspended from conference, then went and joined another church, and he and his third wife were both baptized. It is almost unnecessary to add that this happened in Indiana.

"Please give me a penny to buy some bread," said a ragged little sufferer to a passer-by. The gentleman (guess he was a Pittsburger) hauled over a quarter, and went his way. The litter beggar went his also, and thus saluted his "pal"—"S-a-y Jimmy, I've struck a flat! Let's go get a stew."

The Omniscient Man.

Every one, we presume, knows a man who knows everybody. By affinity, if not by blood, he is own brother to man who knows everything: but he is a vastly more entertaining and companionable fellow. He is bound to be clever and agreeable, and, above all things, sympathetic, or he would not know everybody. To know many people argues the possession of several excellent qualities, such as tact, amiability, unselfishness, magnetism; A man may have these, to be sure, and yet not know everybody. To do that he must have a sort of genius, a genius for sociability. This is not perhaps a lofty gift, and we should say not a rare one, but under most circumstances it is a pleasant gift.

The man who knows everybody differs in one respect from the man who knows everything; he is not a dispenser of what goes under the head of useful information; he is not eternally setting his fellow-men right in the matter of statistics, history, geography, and philology. He is not necessarily a well read man; his gossip is not born of books; people, and not things, are his specialty. He is generally a person of middle age, for his knowledge is of a kind which is only gained by time and experience. He has traveled much; indeed, he is traveling perpetually. The Wandering Jew of the legend is not a more uneasy spirit. You will find him—we are speaking of the American type—at Baden Baden in the height of the season, and after the season is over; he is smoking a chiboque in Constantinople; he is stopping temporarily at the best hotel in London; he is at every well-kown watering place in the world; he is on all the trains and steamboats going everywhere, and never misses being a passenger in every old stage coach that is lumbering along some out of the way road. If chance takes you to an unheard of one horse hotel in the loneliest part of New England or in the Southern States, you will find the man who knows everybody sitting on the porch waiting for you as if by appointment. He is the first person that salutes you on your arrival to Yokohama. If you were cast, like Robinson Crusoe, on an uninhabited island, you would discover his footprints on the beach before you had time to dine upon those toothsome varieties of mollusks which always throw themselves providentially and with remarkable precision at the feet of shipwrecked mariners.

As a general thing, he is a pleasant person to meet. His varied knowledge of all your friends and their antecedents, render him especially agreeable if you encounter him in a foreign land. To say he is like a letter from home is to describe him feebly. He is like a whole postoffice of letters. By virtue of his familiarity with persons and affairs connected with your own sphere, he becomes in a few minutes an old friend of twenty years' standing. But though he is communicative to the last degree, and seemingly as open as daylight, a certain sort of mystery invariably attaches itself to him. It is not clear how he has had the time and opportunity to know such a multitude of people. A man in mercantile or professional life is necessarily brought in contact with numerous persons; but after all, he moves in a narrow circle; he is constantly meeting the same or the same kind of man. He does not get out of his own set. Like the society of a small town, the society of the great world is divided into cliques, innumerable circles revolving around each other, but seldom or never touching. Now the man who knows everybody, does not appear to be under the same limitation as other folks. He has managed somehow to swing round many circles, counting his acquaintances in every grade of life, from the humblest to the highest. Our friend is not to be confounded for an instant with the social bore who thrusts himself in everywhere and is only tolerated. The man who knows everybody is welcome. And indeed he deserves to be cherished. He is proof that human nature is better than we think it is. He either sees it with clearer eyes than other men, or else he brings to the study a heart full of Christian charity. He knows everybody, and is not disguised.

A Famous Seaport.

For two days we zigzagged among the coral reefs, escaping them as if by miracle once and again; and on the third morning, our pilot (who is keeping me company in the rigging of the foremast,) stretches his long arm toward a dark gray spot on the yellow beach, and says, exultingly: "Dere is Jidda!" It is, indeed, the famous port of the pilgrims, which is to Mecca what Yembo is to Medina, or Jaffa to Jerusalem. The entrance of the harbor is defended by a double ring of coral reefs, overlapping each other like the claws of a crab, around which the white breakers curl and heave warningly. Anchoring just within this natural breakwater, we lower our boat and pulled for the town. Before us extends a long strip of level beach, broken midway by what seems at first sight a mass of gray ruins, but which, as we near it, shapes itself into flat-roofed houses, and loop-holed walls, and tapering minarets, and all the barbaric picturesqueness of a genuinely Oriental town. After the utter loathsomeness of Koomfidah, I look with no little satisfaction upon the high stone buildings, the broad archways, the gaudy signboards, which surround me on every side; but though one or two of the principal streets have a somewhat European air about them, the general effect is thoroughly Eastern. The tall, fortress-like, narrow-windowed houses—the low massive gateways and narrow streets, from the depths of which you see the sky far above you, like a little ribbon of burning light; the crowded bazaar, filled with a rich summer gloom of shaded sunlight, and humming like a hive with bearded traders, black half-naked water-carriers, heavy-laden camels, gaunt brigand-like beggars, and vailed women in long blue mantles, with their children slung like satchels over their shoulders; all this carries us back in a moment to the manifold wonders of the *Arabian Nights*. Here sits Aladdin at the door of his father's shop, just as he may have been sitting on that memorable evening when the African magician invited him to that expedition of which we all know the result. There, plodding methodically behind his laden donkey, comes Ali Baba, with an anxious expression on his weather-beaten countenance, as if doubting whether he may not have forgotten the cabalistic "Open sesame!" or wondering whether that brute Cassim will ferret out the secret of his newly-acquired wealth. This squat broad-shouldered fellow, waddling under a huge bundle, must be Hindbad, the porter, cursing his hard fate, as the steams of Sindbad's kitchen salute his eager nostrils. Yonder vailed figure, in yellow slippers, whose face is so closely muffled as to leave nothing visible save the brilliant eyes, is undoubtedly the "incomparable Princess Badroulboudour," on her way to the bath, all unconscious of the prying gaze furtively directed at her by the audacious owner of the Wonderful Lamp. And there, in their usual disguise of Moussul merchants, go "the good Haroun Alraschid" and his grand vizier, Giafar, out for a *lark* about the streets of the town, as we have all seen them a thousand times in the long winter evenings of our childhood.

In the midst of such surroundings, we begin to feel that we are really in the East; and this impression is intensified a few hours later, when a hospitable German, with whom our skipper has some professional acquaintance, carries us off to "tiffin" in his house at the other side of the town—a huge high-roofed palace of the place, with an open court, deliciously cool and shady. In one of the upper rooms of this chateau we sit down to a meal of bona fide kabobs and pilaffs with the traditional arabesques covering the walls, and the traditional black slaves in attendance; after which we take our coffee reclining on an enormous crescent-shaped divan, in a window commanding a view of the entire harbor, with the sea-breeze coming to us like the breath of life—"Enough to spoil a man for work for the rest of his life," as the Captain feelingly remarks. The charm is somewhat marred, on our return through the town, by the omnipresent dust and the ceaseless assaults of the dogs; and in this stronghold of Mohammedanism, even the dogs are strict Moslems, and fly at every Giaour with great zeal; but, on the whole, we are well satisfied.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Don't let any of the lessons of the Chicago burning be lost for want of reiteration! Chas. Randolph, Secretary of the Chicago Board of Trade, has written a letter, read to the Boston Board of Trade last Monday. What astonishes Randolph (enough to astonish anybody) is "the immense destruction of books and papers in safes." No safes, as a whole, proved to be good for much; some stood well and some didn't, but safes of all popular kinds, "in some locations proved utterly valueless." Here is a pleasant fact to be disclosed in this world of documents and account books. It is almost as discouraging as the fire-proof buildings which were tried and found wanting, or as the insurance companies with assets estimated at $100,000,000,000, be the same more or less, which have turned out mostly less and very little more. A salamander who puts himself forward as non-combustible, and who subsides into ashes and cinders at the first severe trial, is fabulous indeed. A safe that isn't safe is an expensive delusion, and a snare to those who touchingly confide in it.—*New York Tribune.*

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS.—"If any one speaks ill of thee," says Epictetus, "consider whether he hath truth on his side, and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee." When Alexander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ah," said he, "then I must learn how to sing better." Plato, being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, said, "It is no matter; I shall live so that none will believe them." Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, he said, "I am sure he would not do it if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for the great and only relief against the pains of calumny.

A Nantucket family is now enjoying the proceeds derived from the freight bill of the tea destroyed in Boston harbor, December, 1773, nearly one hundred years ago. The principal and interest, amounting to a snug little sum, was collected only a short time ago, and was paid by the East India company, of London, to whom the tea belonged.

Real Estate

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REAL ESTATE BROKERS,
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HOLLADAY'S ADDITION
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TO OUR PATRONS AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY desiring to make SAFE and RELIABLE Investments in Real Property, we beg leave at this time to call your attention to this DESIRABLE TRACT, which has been subdivided into Blocks and Lots, and is now in the Market, to be sold in Alternate Lots and Blocks.

No one that has ever visited this body of Land but what will say that it is the MOST ELIGIBLE for SUBURBAN RESIDENCES of any ever offered in this market, the land having a gradual slope from the River back to SEVENTEENTH STREET, there being scarcely any Block in the entire tract but what a

Fair View of the City of Portland and Willamette River

Can be had. Another advantage this Property will have for Residences: no high water will ever affect the drainage of the city.

The Oregon and California Railroad Company's New Ferry Boat is now making Regular Trips from the Foot of F street, Couch's Addition, to the Foot of Oregon street, Holladay's Addition.

IMPROVEMENTS TO BE MADE:

Aside from gigantic Improvements now in contemplation by the Railroad Company, in the construction of Wharves, Warehouses and Machine Shops, quite a number of citizens will commence erecting fine Residences and Business Houses; also, Street Improvements, under contract, by grading and planking Holladay Avenue its entire length, to connect with the Sandy Road. We can say that at least a Half Million Dollars will be expended in Permanent Improvements on this Addition the present season.

TERMS OF SALE—40 per cent. CASH down; deferred payments, six and twelve months, with interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum.

NO QUESTION AS TO TITLE

The Title to this property is undisputed, being a portion of the Donation Land Claim of Jacob Wheeler and wife. United States Patent issued, and conveyed by said Wheeler and Wife to Geo. W. Weidler.

☞ Parties desiring to invest will find Maps and Plats of the property at our Office, or at the Office of Messrs. PERRY, RUSSELL & WOODWARD, and other LAND AGENCIES in the city.

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A large amount of choice FARMING LANDS for sale, situated in Multnomah, Washington, Yamhill, Polk, Benton, Linn, Marion, Clackamas and other counties of this State. For PRICE LIST call at our Office.

80-Acre Lot for sale, adjoining Holladay's Addition on the east. Apply to Stitzel & Upton.

5 and 10-Acre Lots for sale, adjoining East Portland, on reasonable terms. Apply to Stitzel & Upton.

5 and 20-Acre Lots for sale on the Macadamized Road three miles south of the city limits. Apply to Stitzel & Upton.

FARMS TO RENT—We have a number of Improved Farms, situated in Washington county, from 14 to 20 miles of Portland.

☞ WANTED—At this Office, immediately, from two to three hundred Dwelling Houses, situated in Portland and East Portland. Tenants waiting patiently.

ap12dtf STITZEL & UPTON

U. A. O. D.—Regular meetings of Morvin Grove, No. 2, on Thursday evening of each week, at 7½ o'clock, in Druid's Hall, Front street, near Stark. Members of Sister Groves and sojourning Brethren are cordially invited to attend.
DANIEL REIMAN, N. A.
WARD S. STEVENS, R. S. [illegible]

Portland R. A. C. No. 3.—Regular Convocation on the second Thursday evening of each month at Masonic Hall, No. 16 North Front street.
By order of M. E. H. P.

Hassalo Lodge No. 15, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock in Odd Fellows Temple, corner First and Alder Streets. Members of the order are invited to attend. By order of N. G.

Harmony Lodge, No. 12, A. F. & A. M.—Regular Communications on the Second and Fourth Monday evenings of each month. By order of the W. M.

Samaritan Lodge No. 2, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Odd Fellows Temple, corner First and Alder Streets. Members of the order are invited to attend. By order of N. G.

G. A. R.—Baker Post No. 1—Regular meeting every Saturday evening at Nonpareil Hall, corner First and Madison sts. All comrades in good standing invited to attend. By order of POST COMMANDER.

Multnomah Tribe No. 3, I. O. R. M. holds regular Councils every Tuesday evening at the Eighth Run, at Oregon Wigwam, in Parrish's building, corner Washington and Front Streets.
my1dtf By order of THE SACHEM.

FIREMEN'S ELECTION.

CARD.

HALL OF VIGILANCE HOOK AND LADDER CO. NO. 1,
October 3, 1871.

At a regular meeting, held this evening, of Vigilance Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1, Mr. Chas. D. Dietz received the unanimous vote of the company for Assistant Chief Engineer at the next Firemen's Election.
E. ZEITFUCHS, Secretary.

CARD.

PORTLAND, Nov. 7, 1871.

VIGILANCE HOOK AND LADDER Co. No. 1—At a regular meeting held this evening, unanimously voted for Al. A. Williams of Multnomah Co. No. 2, as their choice for Chief Engineer at the next ensuing election of the Portland Fire Department.
EMIL ZEITFUCHS, Secretary.

CARD.

HALL OF MULTNOMAH FIRE ENGINE CO. NO. 2,
PORTLAND, Oct. 6, 1871.

At a regular meeting of Multnomah Fire Engine Co. No. 2, held last evening, Mr. A. A. WILLIAMS was unanimously nominated for Chief Engineer of the Portland Fire Department at the ensuing Department Election.
F. A. THOMSON, Secretary.

CARD.

At a Regular Meeting of Willamette Engine Co. No. 1, held on the evening of the 5th inst., WM. SAUNDERS was nominated for Assistant Engineer, and A. A. WILLIAMS declared the choice of the Company for Chief Engineer.
J. H. LYON, Secretary.
n9dtf

CARD.

HALL OF COLUMBIAN ENG. CO. NO. 3,
PORTLAND, Oregon, Oct. 3, 1871.

At a regular meeting of the above named Company, W. O. BRUEN was unanimously nominated as a candidate for Chief Engineer of the Portland Fire Department.
By order of the Company.
AL ZIEBER, Secretary.

1872. THE FIREMEN'S CHOICE! 1872.

By the request of many members of the Portland Fire Department I am a candidate for Assistant Engineer.
A. WENDT,
Of Multnomah Engine Co No. 2.

BUSINESS CHANGES.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

THE COPARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXISTING between E. C. Woodcock and D. Wilson in the Grocery business under the firm name of Woodcock & Wilson is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All accounts due the late firm will be paid to E. C. WOODCOCK, who will also assume all liabilities against said firm.
E. C. WOODCOCK,
DANIEL WILSON.

The business will be continued at the old stand by E. C. WOODCOCK, who thanking his patrons for past favors, solicits a continuance of the same.
Portland, Nov. 13, 1871. n21d1w

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE SCHOOL Taxes for the year A. D. 1871, for School District No. 1, Multnomah County, Oregon, are due and payable, and that the Tax List may be found at the office of the Portland Gas Light Company, and B. G. WHITEHOUSE is authorized to receive and receipt for School Taxes in my name until otherwise ordered.
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